

Tony Bennett

"One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)"

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It's quarter to three
There's no one in the place
Except you and me

So set em up, Joe
Got a little story
That you oughta know

We're drinking
My friend, to the end
Of a brief episode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

I got the routine
Drop another nickel
In the machine

I'm feeling so bad
I wish you'd make the music
Dreamy and sad

I could tell you a lot
But you've got to be
True to your code
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

You'd never know it
Buddy, I'm a kind of poet
And I've got a lot
Of things to say

And when I'm gloomy
You simply gotta listen to me
Until they're all talked away

That's how it goes
Joe, I know you're
Getting anxious to close
So, thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind

My bending your ear

This torch that I found
Must be drowned or it
Soon might explode
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

That long, long, long
That long, long, long road

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